Daily Eagle

ROMOLA.

A poet's vision, clad in the fair guise
Of a bright lily, all in white and gold—
Hers not the form for passionate arms to fold;
She loves, but loves in such angelic wise
As might some wanderer from the upper skies,
Who wears, with rosy lips of tenderest curve,
The starry purity of saintly eyes.
But if some lofty purpose were to serve,
The fair and delicate figure that would seem
One who could walk, with straight, unshaken tread,
The flaming city of the unpardoned dead
(Shewn to the Florentine in lurid dream),
Serene and scathless thro' the infernal glow—
Nor touch of fire upon her raiment know.
—A. C. Bowers in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

MAKING AN ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

What It Costs—The Method Usually Employed—Pay for Contributions.

"How much does it cost to produce an encyclopaedia?" was asked of an expert, and he said:

"That depends upon the method pursued in making it. The American Cyclopaedia cost $500,000 before a penny was realized. The maps and engravings in the work cost about $115,000. The best lithographers were employed and many of the pictures cost hundreds of dollars."

"How is an encyclopaedia made?"

"Well, usually after the method employed in compiling dictionaries. Editors are engaged for the different departments. There is the religious editor, the medical editor, the historical editor, the scientific editor and the editor on miscellaneous subjects. The best authorities in the land are chosen to edit the work, and large salaries are paid. In the process of compilation an alphabetical rule is observed. The old encyclopaedias, such as Chambers' and Encyclopaedia Britannica, are followed as regards the subjects they treat of. The modern encyclopaedia, however, has very much of a newspaper flavor. It is based upon the principle of American journalism. It is timely and intended to hit the spirit of the age. The biographies of prominent men are made an especial feature. The American Cyclopaedia is the greatest undertaking in the art of book making ever attempted in this country. Charles A. Dana, of The Sun, was and is the editor in chief. He fixes the prices paid to contributors. He knows the value of every word that is written. If an article is handed in by a specialist and another comes in from an obscure professional man in any science he choses the best."

"How much do the contributors to encyclopaedias make?"

"Generally we pay magazine rates—that is, $10 per 1,000 words. Many of the articles, however, cost far more than that. There are some contributors who receive $500 or $1,000 for a short article. They possess exclusive information, however. Dr. Shrady, who is the authority on cancer and editor of The Medical Record, furnished us exclusive information on that subject and on many others connected with surgery. Of course a specialist is paid far more than an ordinary writer. Often a page costs us $500. Then, again, we run page after page at the cost of $20. Many of the writers are men who hold the foremost rank in literature. Consequently they demand large prices for their work."

"How much money is invested in encyclopaedias?"

"That is a difficult question to answer. We have run into the millions on sales, but it should be remembered that encyclopaedias are never sold in bulk. The installment plan is always adopted. Our contributors pay for each volume as it is issued."

"In case a volume is lost, can it be duplicated?"

"That depends on who the loser may be. A regular contributor, one who has been buying volume after volume for years can certainly be accommodated. His name is down on our books, and we recognize him as a patron of the house. A genuine set of encyclopaedias cost a great deal of money, about $150 to $200, consequently they are sold in installments and the purchaser is protected."—New York Mail and Express.

He Knows This Trick Now.

"Have any of you found a bank note?" inquired a man in wild eyed excitement as he hurriedly approached a set of loungers at the Union depot yesterday morning.

"Have you lost one?" asked an elderly stranger of bland and sedate appearance.

"Yes, yes; have you found it?"

"Wait a moment. What was its denomination?"

"It was a $50 bill—national bank note."

The stranger leisurely drew a roll of bills from his pocket, looked them over, took one out and passed it over to the excited individual, remarking with much urbanity as he did so:

"It is well for you, my friend, that it was found by an honest man. I picked it up a few minutes ago, and take pleasure in giving back to you what I am satisfied is your property."

"Thank you, sir; thank you. It's my turn now to do the fair thing. Here's a $10 bill. You shan't refuse it. Take it, sir; take it, or I shall feel hurt."

The stranger, thus urged, took the money, and the grateful individual walked off with his $50. He was considerably surprised to learn, a few hours later, that the bill was not the one he had lost at all, but a counterfeit. He is now looking for the bland and elderly stranger, but there are reasons for doubting his success in finding him.—Chicago Tribune.

Diet of Strong Men.

Under the heading of "The Diet of Strong Men," you say: "The coolie fed on rice is more active and can endure more than the negro fed on fat meat."

This is not at all the case in the British colony of Demerara, on the northeast coast of South America. There the coolies, who are imported from India, are the least robust of the three races employed as laborers. They are not at all muscular, and are employed in hoeing the crops and in similar light labor. The Chinamen, who are never called coolies there, are stronger, and they, too, are employed in the crops, and also in mechanical and general labor. But the heavy work, the digging of ditches, the handling of heavy timbers, etc., is always done by negroes. No planter will employ a coolie in such work, for his muscular strength is not equal to it, nor to any severe labor.

The coolie does not confine his diet to rice, nor the negro his to meat. In Demerara the chief food of the laborer is salt codfish and plantains. The coolie probably eats more rice and less meat than the negro, but in other respects their food is about the same.—G. Robertson in Scientific American.

Average Population.

Recently published statistics show that the average population per square kilometer of land is in Europe, 35; in Asia, 19; in Africa, 7; in America, 2; in Australia, 0.5. For the different European countries the average population per kilometer is as follows: Saxony, 212; Belgium, 198; Holland, 131; Great Britain and Ireland, 110; Italy, 104; Germany, 87; Prussia, 81; Austria (Cisleithania), 77; France, 72; Switzerland, 72; Bavaria, 71; Russian Poland, 58; Denmark, 53; Hungary, 51; Portugal, 51; Roumania, 41; Servia, 40; Spain, 34; Greece, 31; Bulgaria, 31; Turkey, 27; Bosnia, 26; Russia (exclusive of Poland), 16; Sweeden, 10; and Norway, 6.—Public Opinion.

UNDER ETHER'S INFLUENCE.

Experience of a Patient While in the Hands of the Surgeon.

The doctor got out his ether apparatus and soon compounded a smell like a photographer's shop in olden days, while out of the corner of my eye I could see the surgeon, who had taken off his coat and pulled some guards over his wrists and arms, arranging his weapons in a neat row on the dressing table. When the doctor had his medicine ready he placed it over my nose and mouth, with instructions to breathe deeply two or three times. The apparatus for giving ether consists of a box, in which the compound is placed, and an oval india rubber mask, very pliable and flexible, projecting from it, with a tap which allows communication between the two parts to be cut off or established at will. The mask part was placed over my face, and I inhaled deeply once or twice, with the only result that I was seized with a choking cough, which, however, was soon followed by a pleasant and restful sensation.

I felt as if I were gently dozing off on a warm summer's day, so I closed my eyes and placed my arms down by my sides, that they might not interfere with my breathing. The doctor bent over me and raised an eyelid, but I was wide enough awake to say: "Not yet, doctor." I was rapidly going, though, and I felt I was beginning to lose consciousness. The light seemed gently to fade away, giving place to darkness that was not awful or horrible, but soft and restful. There was no giddiness or singing in the ears, but silence and darkness settled down over me, and then a red veil seemed to come from beneath my eyes and to float away into the increasing gloom, gradually diminishing to a red spot, the only speck of light left. Slowly this faded away, and sight, hearing, volition and every sense with it. I had a dim consciousness of existence, but my very life seemed far away, buried under soft masses of darkness. I do not know whether I spoke, but my brain was a blank, and not a thought crossed my mind.

All was numb, dead and still, the silence of the grave, but with a faint, undefinable consciousness somewhere that this was not death, but only the suspension of life. Darkness was all around; not a darkness that might be felt, but one that filled everything, covered everything with black, impalpable and all pervading presence. Gradually and softly as it went the light came back again, with no startled wonder as to where I was, for almost before I could shape a thought I instinctively remembered my position, and knew the operation was over. The figures in the room grew distinct and clear. I half rose up in bed, and then a horrible feeling of nausea and pain rushed upon me. I had lain down strong and well. I woke up weak and throbbing with pain under my bandages. "Splendid," cried the surgeon, cheerfully, "all over, first rate! Not much more than a quarter of an hour over it." During my trance they had cut and carved me, sewed me up and bandaged me without my knowing that I had been touched. —Pall Mall Gazette.

Our Hotel Haunting Aristocracy.

Every season the noble army of would be aristocrats is swelled. We now have a distinct, untitled, sham aristocracy which is infinitely entertaining. Go to any of the summer hotels throughout the land, and you will find a large percentage of well bred, well dressed, handsome Jews, who interfere with no one, and never mingle outside their own race; a larger percentage of wealthy gentiles, who wear gorgeous dresses, have gorgeous turn outs, gorgeous manners, and a gorgeous disregard for grammar; a few quiet, well bred, reserved families, who lead retired lives and bother no one; and a small colony of soi-disant great ones, toward whom the eyes of every one are constantly turning. These people, on their arrival, send forth the fiat that "they don't care to mix outside their own circle," and rude remarks of theirs, to the effect that "there is no one in the house with whom they care to associate," are constantly in circulation among the guests, and leave some sore, some angry, some jealous, and a few philosophers amused. It is the secret desire of half the people in the hotel to be admitted into this exclusive paradise; they would do anything to be able to sit in the heart of that little clique, as it forms an aristocratic hollow square on the shady side of the piazza. But rarely are their pains rewarded. The hollow square shows a chilling disregard of their existence, which is more crushing than deliberate insult. At the same time, however, the young female hollow squarer shows no disregard for the existence of such young male pariahs as may be dangling about. She absorbs them with well bred tranquillity, and hangs their scalps round her belt, smiling dreamily.

But these hotel haunting aristocrats are not genuine. They are only good counterfeits. Were they real they would have had cottages long ago. But they are smart, and they think that it's much better to reign in hell than serve in heaven—a thousand times better to rule in a hotel than be ignored in a cottage. They are, moreover, clever managers, and have given the subject study. Every attribute is as it should be. They dress well and talk well. Their manners are good, save in the case of the lofty hauteur to which they treat their so called social inferiors, and their social inferiors are more impressed by this than they would be by the refined suavity of nature's grandes dames. Taking them all in all, they are remarkably good shams, and as such deserve much praise. The possessor of brains is a rarity not to be sneered at, even though he use his brains to make himself a fool.—New York Cor. Argonaut.

A Plea for the Snake.

The common prejudice against snakes finds no supporter in Dr. Abbott. He has proved that many varieties are the farmers' and gardeners' best friends, and has harmlessly tested on himself the biting powers of several kinds usually supposed to be poisonous. The common water snake is one of these; our author states that they are vicious but not venomous; "they do not hesitate to bite if irritated, but the result is like the prick of a pin." This snake he has found, from frequent experiments, does not require constant access to the atmosphere, but can live for days in well aerated water. Another much libeled snake is the "hog nose," often called "flathead" or "adder." Dr. Abbott disbelieves in the power of snakes to charm birds, and also in the "hoop" variety, about whose mode of progress such wonderful stories occasionally appear. Regarding the size which snakes are reported to reach, he quotes the saying of an old village worthy: "When snakes come toward folks, every foot looks a yard long."—The Epoch.

Superstitious Negro Coastmen.

No reward could induce the negro surfmen on the North Carolina coast to walk along the beach at night, especially during a storm, when the lightning is flashing and the huge white capped breakers come sputtering in on the sandy beach. They imagine they can see in the phosphorescent light the forms of sailors who were lost at sea, riding in astride of the huge billows. On account of this superstition it has been found impossible to induce negro coastmen to enter the life saving service, no matter how well adapted they may be for the work. The tedious night patrol along the desolate seashore is what they object to. The average seashore negro would almost rather die than to encounter the vague form of a departed sailor man in the surf or on the beach.—Brooklyn Citizen.

SWEET, SHY GIRL.

Oh, sweet, shy girl, with roses in her heart,
And love light in her face, like those upgrown,
Full of still dreams and thoughts that, dreamlike, start
From fits of solitude when not alone!

Gay dancer over the thresholds of bright days,
Tears quick to her eyes as laughing to her lips;
A game of hide and seek with time she plays,
Time hiding his eyes from hers in bright eclipses.

Oh, gentle souled!—how dear and good she is,
Blessed by soft dews of happiness and love,
Cradled in tenderest arms! Her mother's kiss
Seals all her good night prayers. Her father's smile
Brightens her mornings. Through the earth shall move
Her child sweet soul, not far from heaven the while!
—John James Piatt.

Spanish Americans in New York.

Latin America is always well represented in this city, though South America gives us more permanent residents than the central American republics. Both countries send many students to the colleges here. Medicine, dentistry and engineering are the professions oftenest chosen by the Spanish speaking scholars. Business between those countries and this is growing more active every year. They send us fruits, hides, fine timber, india rubber, wood for dyes and sarsaparilla, muchisimo sarsaparilla. Great quantities of silver and gold bullion also come from the rich mines which are now attracting the attention of the world. From April until September New York is full of Spanish-Americans, who come simply for pleasure or tarry a while on their way to Europe, perhaps. These do not patronize the Spanish hotels so much as they do the most expensive American ones, for which they have the most unbounded admiration.—New York Press "Every Day Talk."

Friction in City Life.

I do not think that modern civilization as it is embodied in city life, is an aid to longevity. In the country, as people learn how to live better, it is possible to spin out a longer existence. Because there is more friction in city life than in country life, and friction acts upon the human machine as much as it does upon a machine of iron and steel. City life takes more out of a man than country life. What I call the mechanical features of city life affect longevity. For one thing, we have taller buildings in town than in country, and there is more going up and down stairs. There is less repose in the city. Those who live longest vegetate the most, and a vegetative existence is possible only in the country.—Physician in Boston Herald.

A New Use of Electricity.

The science of electricity, by the way, has already been pressed into the service of fashion. When, at a dance or dinner party, a glittering dewdrop seems suddenly to sparkle among the flowers on a lady's shoulder, or a diamond light flare draws attention to her pretty coiffure, the admiring observer may take it for granted that the possessor of the dewdrops and the starry light in her hair is secretly pressing a tiny battery, ingeniously concealed about her person, and by means of which the electric spark flies up, to the danger perhaps of the beholder, if not of the possessor.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Flat Headed Indians.

The custom of flattening the heads by pressure was about universal among the Puget Sound Indians. It was done in infancy with a hat made of cedar bark, beaten, pressed steadily on the forehead. It has been so often described by numerous writers that no further description is here necessary. School teachers here have been unable to see any difference between the intellect of those whose heads have thus been flattened and those which are natural. Some of the Indians, however, believe that it has caused numerous headaches among them in after life. Very few infants are thus treated now.—American Antiquarian.

Paraguay's Popular Beverage.

It is stated that another attempt is being made in Europe to popularize the beverage known as "yerba matey," so popular in Paraguay and Brazil. It is said to make a non-intoxicating, aromatic drink, and both as touching its chemical qualities and physiologic effects is not unlike tea and coffee. That is to say, "yerba matey" arrests waste; it does not form flesh. It enables people to go a long time without food, and the inhabitants of Brazil and the valley of the River Platte drink enormous quantities of the beverage for this very purpose.—New York Tribune.

Tobacco in Cuba's Capital.

Every one speaks Spanish here and every one smokes cigars. Young men and maidens, old men and children, are seemingly never seen without a long roll of tobacco in their mouths. They are an easy, indolent race, as a rule, and between the Cubans and Spaniards an armed truce always exists. The latter do not like Americans, as a rule, and are not partial to their visiting here. The former, on the other hand, think highly of Americans, welcome them with open arms, and get just as much money out of them as possible.—Havana Cor. New York World.

The Mystery of Ozone.

The curious substance known as ozone, the nature of which was so long a mystery, and about which so many conflicting hypotheses have been devised, is now becoming well known to us. Ozone is a denser form of oxygen. Its specific gravity is 24, that of common oxygen being 16, and that of hydrogen 1. It is highly probable that its molecules contain three similar oxygen atoms. In the concentrated state it is a powerful irritant poison, and it is very unstable, decomposing with explosion and with evolution of heat, and exerting a most powerful action on oxidizable materials.—London Lancet.

Canada's Indebtedness.

The apathy of public opinion in Canada just now is one of the many ominous signs on the horizon. Take our debt. Throwing out the worthless assets, we owe at the present time about $300,000,000, or $60 per head on the population. This is a larger burden than that borne by the Americans, who are a richer people, even including their state debts; moreover, while their federal debt is being rapidly diminished, ours is increasing by leaps and bounds. Nevertheless, the average citizen does not appear to be in the least disturbed.—Toronto Mail.

In hot weather the less people have to do with veal, however good, the healthier they will be.

Waste of Energy.

"My dear," said a clever woman once, "don't waste your strength and energy, for you will need it all some day. Save yourself even the movement of an eyelid or the lifting of a finger whenever you can." The scheme is good and similar to electric storage for lighting purpose; but it is not best for a young woman to have too much stored energy on hand. It might break out at the wrong time or leak out frivolously and never be really used at all.—New Orleans Picayune.

Treatment for Chilblains.

Persons who suffer from chilblains will doubtless be glad to know that a Kansas City man has discovered a sure cure. It consists in pricking the bottom of the feet with a needle until considerable blood runs out, the amount depending on the size of the feet. To the uninitiated it would seem as if the sensation might be almost as pleasant as that of the chilblains.—Chicago Herald